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Some Minor Observations on the American Novel

IT IS NO new thing to say that we have never had an American novel and probably never will have, and to give reasons therefor; but in these days we falter a little in that decision. Certainly we have now much material for judgment, and we are constantly tempted to still another comparison; and a new search for some one literary type among them all, or some common method of treatment.

There is an aspect of our novels that has been little touched upon, which yet may be worth attention. So far, each of our novelists is the product of a single environment—speaking literature-wise,—to which he or she is ever faithful. There results a curious divergence of method, and it is this very divergence which marks their common note. Little as it appears at first, this common note is realism, and an essentially American realism. Each of our successful novelists exhibits the life of some one region which he has made his own (whether native to it or not), and his success is exactly proportioned to his fidelity to that life. Howells was born in Ohio and lives in New York; but his view of life is essentially and thoroughly the New England view, and it is entirely immaterial whether his characters live in Florence or Boston. Cable has dropped into the New England environment as if he were to the manner born, but his literary atmosphere has nothing of that sharp and biting and morbid air; he cannot get it if he tries. The New Yorkers; give us metropolitan novels, and make a man of the world out of an Oriental mystic if need be; but they cannot get the world and the flesh out of their pages, whatever may become of the third member of that familiar group! It is not enough that the dialect of Octave Thanet's Arkansas natives differs from that of Charles Egbert Craddock's characters; their type differs even more.

It is altogether trite to say that all our writers not only have their own fields, but that each of them finds a different type in that field, and portrays it with great fidelity; but the inference has been less often drawn. Difference in type and realistic treatment thereof is the American note, and very surely so. Take one or two recent novels as illustrations. Their names alone—'The Quick, or the Dead?', 'The Despot of Broomsedge Cove,' 'Annie Kilburn'—will bring to the mind of the reader all that I wish to say, without going into detail. The novels of Amélie Rives are especially and peculiarly Southern novels. They are full of the distinctively Southern atmosphere, the environment here sumptuous and there neglected; the curious mingling of contempt for surroundings and dependence upon them; the ignoring of labor; the habit of command; above all things, the imperious wills—all these are traits as perfect and distinct as the physical forms she pictures. And it makes little difference where her plot is laid, in England or America, the types are the same. It is life tropical everywhere—out-of-doors, in drawing-rooms, most of all in men's passions. The very plot of her most famous novel is simply the question whether the heroine shall have her own way or not—this

and nothing else. It glows with passion of body and soul, but it turns on no incidents or actions of life, but solely on the struggle between the will of the dead and the will of the living. This certainty that man must have what he wants, that it is only a question of whose will shall dominate, is the hall-mark of the South, and the novel which makes this its drama is the Southern novel. Duty may enter in, or even control, but there is the point of strain. The Southern imperative is *must*. Therefore it is that the high-wrought novels of passion are still realistic, because this is Southern life in its essence, enjoyment, excitement, possession, passion. Miss Murfree's books have the same note, and thus are Southern also. There is little enjoyment in these, however; the excitement and the passion together are of a fierce kind, and concern the public, not the individual, and thus, although of the same class, they mark a different region. Her mountaineers work their own will just as truly as Virginia cavaliers, but it is a wild will, a love of feuds and fighting, a hatred of other men. Murder is one of their tools, and human nature cares not so much for what it has as for what it keeps others from having. These are elemental, not civilized, qualities—passions not passion; and there is no question of material things, one way or the other.

Contrast these two very different types with the men and women who move about Howells's pages. The environment affects them, not they the environment. They are bound down by conditions of life, pecuniary, social, industrial, even climatic. They can and they cannot. The effect of their houses and their friends is considerable, and even sumptuousness is carefully suited to the station 'in which it has pleased God to put' them. All this is strongly true to life again. As *must* is the Southern imperative, so *ought* is the New England imperative. The one life is all color, the other all form. The one writes in the air *must* and *shall*, the other hews out of the rock *ought* and *will*. Put Annie Kilburn, or Silas Latham, or even Milton Corey on a plantation, how poorly they fit the surroundings, how unsuited to the environment their analytical life! But Virginia of Virginia would be equally out of touch with the considering North. Howells could not paint a Southern beauty; neither Rives nor Murfree could draw a Northern hero. Yet Howells's delicate dissection is as truly realistic to its own home as the fierce drama of the Southern writers to their country.

Now in a single word compare this characteristic method with the method of the Russian novels, generally considered the type of realism. In a sense they are all alike. Minuteness of detail, close and clever intellectual analysis, dramatic treatment of philosophical conditions, are common to all of them. A certain fleshliness, a certain dirt and filth, a certain complexity of living as well as life, certain common types of thought, are always to be found in them. It is true that Tourguéneff is very different from Tolstói, and Dostoyevsky is all by himself, but the creatures they work with are just the same, and are moved by the same motives and the same passions. You might transpose the characters from 'Anna Karenina' to 'Crime and Punishment,' and you would have no difficulty in fitting them to their new homes. Wide as Russia is, multifold as are her people, her type is one, and her literary treatment thereof differs only as the individual author and his outlook differs. This is so obvious that it brings into stronger relief our own diversity, and the fact that while we are one also, it is not a single one, but a complex one. It is *e pluribus unum* in fact as well as in oratory. Realism in Russia consists in depicting carefully and elaborately the different people within the great empire, who under so wide a sky yet breathe the same social atmosphere and, each class for itself, think the same thoughts. Realism in America consists in expressing with equal care the different types that have made for themselves different social atmospheres, here careful and considered, there wild and ungoverned, there again passionate and impulsive.

ANNA L. DAWES.

Reviews

Prof. Bryce's "American Commonwealth"

SINCE Alexis de Tocqueville came to America in 1831, there has been no such sympathetic, clear-sighted, and large-minded visitor as Prof. Bryce proves himself to have been. We have seen many who have come with a prejudice, or have acquired an indigestion; some who have flattered; many who have grumbled; some who have disliked our system but admired our trout, or our American girls and their large fortunes; some, like Mrs. Trollope, Dickens and Sir Lepel Griffin, whose grooves of thought were but skin-deep, and the cuticle thin at that; some, like Matthew Arnold, whose feet were shod only for Roman roads. In Prof. Bryce we have at last a man of an amazingly rich and varied mind, at home in constitutional law, in legislative halls, in universities, and equally at home among plain working people. It is difficult to speak too warmly of the spirit in which he has studied American institutions—at once sympathetically for their general construction and judiciously for their working details. His mind labors to be friendly and yet honest. His mood is for the practical, his judgment philosophical.

Americans do not dread criticism, but they have a contempt beyond words for Cockneyism. They see through selfishness. They know when a man comes to them for a *largesse* or an honorarium. They take the tourist for what he is worth. They enjoy hugely such a practical joke as Oscar Wilde, and will pay for the show. They respect the judgment of a Matthew Arnold in matters in which Matthew Arnold was worthy to wear the ermine; but, as the phrase goes, they 'size up' even a Matthew Arnold, and lament in him that intellectual dryness which made it impossible for the refined scholar to discover the sweet and large human nature and kindly social relations among plain people, to whom many books are a weariness and dancing-school manners an unnecessary luxury. But the man who comes among us like one of ourselves, willing to use his legs and his intelligence for what they are worth, looking for what is good in us, as well as for what is not good, is always an acceptable visitor. He is, however, rare to find. Such a man at bottom must be interested in the struggle of communities towards light, rather than in the contest of classes for power. There is no intelligent centre in America where the evils of our system are not understood, and vigorous attempts made to abate them. There is none, however, where the free, even if sometimes profligate, swing of the units is not clearly seen to be the bottom fact of our largest life; and the recognition of this bottom fact in all directions is what gives value to Prof. Bryce's philosophical discussion.

It need not be told that, even as an Englishman, Prof. Bryce starts with a prejudice in favor of the theory that the best government is that which brings comfort and security to the largest number without infringing on the rights of the minority. With this bias of sympathy for the community, he is on the level ground of common human life—the only ground from which the struggle can rightly be judged. To say that he has travelled in America and seen what he describes, is to say but little. His large knowledge of particulars and luminous survey of them show that he knows the United States as thoroughly in its parts as if he had been born among us. At the Capital, in business centres, on the railroads, among the politicians, at the universities, his views are reinforced by the largest observation. By a use of his senses, more varied than Americans find time to practise for themselves, he has gained a right to remind us of our weak points, and to direct foreigners to our strength. His strictures are all the more valuable because of his sympathy with the main purpose of American institutions, and these strictures are by no means few. They cover points which have been abundantly discussed in this country: the

apparent weakness of our executive, the looseness of our legislation, the lack of a sympathetic connection between legislative and executive departments, the difficulty of preserving a steady and uniform attitude towards outside powers, the storming of the treasure-house everywhere by armies of office-seekers, the premature incorporation of alien elements into our body of citizens, the uncertainty and irregularity in city politics caused by this congestion of unassimilated material, the invasion of private life by the newspapers, corruption in political life, 'bossism,' pressure of money into government places, the seething of the electoral cauldron at frequent intervals—in general, the clumsiness of some parts of the machinery of government when speed and accuracy are called for.

These are a few of the defects of our system to which the reader's attention is drawn, as the attention of Americans has been drawn, a hundred times. As an offset to these apparent vices in our methods are put the immense value to every corner of the land derived from the perpetual stir of politics, the growth of intelligent criticism among the common people, their interest in all parts of the Government, their essential right-mindedness growing out of their long habits of self-government, the slowness of the nation to mingle in external quarrels for the advantage of classes or individuals, or on points of diplomatic etiquette, the tremendous energy and endurance of the nation when the occasion is sufficient to kindle it, the paramount control by the whole people of all large interests. The people make themselves felt when they wish. 'Public opinion stands above the parties, being cooler and larger-minded than they are; it awes party leaders and holds in check party organizations. No one openly ventures to resist it. It determines the direction and the character of national policy. It is the product of a greater number of minds than in any other country, and it is more indisputably sovereign.' Evils exist everywhere, as they do under all forms of government; but there is 'a reserve of force and patriotism more than sufficient to sweep away all the evils which are now tolerated, and to make the politics of the country worthy of its material grandeur and of the private virtues of its inhabitants.' That the people look with patience on the masquerading in national politics, and regard almost with amusement the grotesque spectacle at Washington once in four years, is due to the fact that they have reserved to themselves by their town and State governments the management of most of the near and vital interests. The antics at the Capital waste money and time, but the roads at home are good, the schools are officered as the people wish them to be, the newspaper and church and village library are of the people's choice. Justice is administered mainly by local courts, and the judges are honored neighbors. There is free movement everywhere; secure possession of property honestly earned; no tyranny but that of the majority, which is seldom unendurable, and usually avoidable. The good-natured indifference to far-off rascality originates in the fact that individuals are not often oppressed by it, or if they at any time feel oppressed, they can reach the rascals.

The reckoning times come at quick intervals. There is no deep, long-accumulating rumbling thunder of distress in the body politic. There is not only room for the unit to swing, but there is a gladness of motion in all parts of the land. The vitality is catching. The 'people make on the visitor,' says Prof. Bryce, 'an impression so strong, so deep, so fascinating, so inwoven with a hundred threads of imagination and emotion, that he cannot hope to reproduce it in words.' The cases of congestion coming from the rapid influx of immigrants are few and soon relieved. As a rule a thousand minute groups take in and digest, or eliminate, foreign elements in their own way, and develop energies peculiar to themselves. It is not the nation that provides a method of deglutition for the half-million who arrive every year. It is not the nation that takes charge of the five millions of uneducated Negroes newly thrown upon the country; a

*The American Commonwealth. By James Bryce. 2 vols. \$6. New York: Macmillan & Co.

hundred thousand local coteries take them individually and discipline them. The national Government at Washington hardly knows how an Irishman is made into a good citizen, nor need it in general disturb itself for a method of training an unsophisticated Negro in South Carolina into a reasonably intelligent voter. The security of the whole lies in this self-discipline of the parts. The supervision by the central Government is only general. It is directed towards keeping harmony between the parts, rather than towards the exercise of the rod within the parts.

With acute intelligence Prof. Bryce has caught this fundamental fact, and finds in it the pith of excellence in our political institutions. He illustrates it in many ways, is never tired of returning to it, and draws from our experience many lessons for England. It will be wise in us if we leave these lessons to be applied by the English parties, while we take kindly to heart some that are honestly good for us. In how friendly a spirit they are given, and with what pleasing additions we may see by one passage out of many which might be quoted:

I come last to the character and ways of the Americans themselves, in which there is a certain charm, hard to convey by description, but felt almost as soon as one sets foot on their shore, and felt constantly thereafter. They are a kindly people. Good-nature, heartiness, a readiness to render small services to one another, an assumption that neighbors in the country, or persons thrown together in travel, or even in a crowd, were meant to be friendly rather than hostile to one another, seem to be everywhere in the air, and in those who breathe it. Sociability is the rule, isolation and moroseness the rare exception. It is not merely that people are more vivacious or talkative than an Englishman expects to find them, for the Western man is often taciturn and seldom wreathes his long face into a smile. It is rather that you feel that the man next you, whether silent or talkative, does not mean to repel intercourse, or convey by his manner his low opinion of his fellow-creature. Everybody seems disposed to think well of the world and its inhabitants; well enough at least to wish to be on easy terms with them, and serve them in those little things whose trouble to the doer is small in proportion to the pleasure they give to the receiver. To help others is better recognized as a duty than in Europe. Nowhere is money so readily given for any public purpose; nowhere, I suspect, are there so many acts of private kindness done; such, for instance, as paying the college expenses of a promising boy, or aiding a widow to carry on her husband's farm; and these are not done with ostentation. People seem to take their own trouble more lightly than they do in Europe, and to be more indulgent to the faults by which troubles are caused. It is a land of hope, and a land of hope is a land of good humor. And they have also, though this is a quality more perceptible in women than in men, a remarkable faculty for enjoyment; a power of drawing more happiness from obvious pleasures, simple and innocent pleasures, than one often finds in overburdened Europe.

Holland, and Mediæval France*

WE HAVE NOTICED these 'Stories of the Nations' so frequently of late, that we shall call the attention of our readers only briefly to Vols. XXII. and XXIII. of the series. Prof. Rogers, who tells the tale of Holland (1), is the distinguished Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford; Prof. Masson, to whom we owe 'Mediæval France' (2), is well-known for his French text-books, and was, until his death a few months ago, Librarian of Harrow School. Both narratives drift rather more into history than into story, and show the difficulty of securing writers who are not only scholars but can write what is interesting to the young.

To a mind and imagination like that of De Amicis, Holland was one of the most inspiring and thrilling countries of Europe. To Prof. Rogers it is a rather dull theme, interesting principally on its economic side, suggestive of great religious controversies and reforms, and of the political and social indebtedness of Europe in these directions. In his eyes it taught Europe the true purposes of civil government and nearly everything else; progressive and rational

agriculture; navigation and discovery; intelligent commerce; physical research and medicine; finance, philosophy, speculative science; religious liberty; printing. It was eminent in the acts of peace as well as of war, and it produced the greatest jurists of the Seventeenth Century. Its presses teemed with new books, and Dutchmen first gave to the world the languages of the East. Prof. Rogers is not far wrong in holding that the revolt of the Netherlands and the success of Holland is the beginning of modern political science and of modern civilization, utterly repudiating as it did the divine right of Kings; but when he claims that this revolt was vastly more heroic, far more desperate, much more successful, and infinitely more significant than the resistance of Athens to the Persian kings, we cannot follow him. The simple answer to this is that but for Athens, Holland would never have been heard of. The admirable illustrations of the volume show the value of pictures that genuinely teach; and read in connection with Motley, Davies, Wagenaar and De Amicis, the book will prove a mine of enlightenment to the Knickerbockers of 'New' Holland.

Prof. Masson has extricated himself less successfully from the tangle of Mediæval France. The title-page contains a bad blunder, it being stated that the story is brought down to the beginning of the *Eighteenth* Century. The fact is that the book closes with Louis XII., at the dawn of the Sixteenth Century. The style is rather Frenchy, as where (p. 334) certain actors we said to have denounced the 'foibles and *ridicules* of their neighbours.' The book is delightfully illustrated and contains an abundance of helpful chronological and dynastic tables, lists of authorities, maps, and the like. It is inevitable—or is it not?—that the story of France should be a story of kings. Here they thrive in marvellous luxuriance, and people and popular life disappear all too much in their upas-shadow. This is a pity, for no people are more vividly alive than the French, and no European history is so storied with the anecdote and legend, romance and poetry which the prospectus of this series promised. It is like leaving the spice out of a plum-cake to leave these out of a French history, more particularly when it is intended to whet the youthful appetite. What would become of Herodotus if you 'vivisected' the anecdotes—cut out the live portions—and left the unquivering prose behind?

"The Critical Period of American History"*

THOSE who were so fortunate as to hear the lectures of John Fiske in the 'Old South,' Boston, or to read the reports of them, will now gladly welcome them in the handsome volume in which they reappear. The dainty work of the Riverside Press, behind which there must be not only capital and skill but conscience and taste, adds its charm to the goodly literary contents, and corresponds fitly to the rich, simple and winsome diction of the author. The charms of John Fiske's style are patent. The secret of its fluency, clearness and beauty are secrets which many a maker of literary stuffs has attempted to unravel, in order to weave like cloth-of-gold. One evident advantage which this man of many cultures has, lies in this, that before committing his work to the permanence of print, he casts his material in lecture form. He knows he must be interesting, or be unheard, before being unread. Further, like that other master of grand and simple English, Archbishop Trench, he is not above lecturing to young girls in the schools. He thus trains himself to make great thoughts clear, and to use as a master and familiar that vocabulary which is most in use by women, and therefore is purest English. Having read nearly all of Mr. Fiske's writings, we give it as our impression that the greater the thought in hand, the simpler is the language he uses. Far from agreeing with him in all he states so positively, or from recognizing his deficiencies in

* 1. The Story of Holland. By J. E. Thorold Rogers. 2. The Story of Mediæval France. By Gustave Masson. \$1.50 each. (Story of the Nations Series.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* The Critical Period of American History. By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

certain important lines of thought and information, unsatisfactory as we think some of his conclusions, and unoriginal as we are sure some portions of his brilliant writings are, yet commend his style as a model for authors and a delight to readers. Felicitous as usual in his titles, Mr. Fiske considers that period of the history of the United States between Yorktown and the Inauguration of Washington to have been the 'critical period.' Thirteen weak republics strung along the Atlantic coast, that had never enjoyed complete sovereignty, yet boasted of their importance, were suddenly left to work out their own salvation or destruction. For years the drift was towards anarchy, and some of the measures of the States directed against each other seem now as ludicrous as they were then dangerous. While the treaty made with Great Britain in 1783 was a most astonishing diplomatic victory, won by the combined talents of Franklin, Jay and Adams, the inability of the divided nation to keep its stipulations led the trans-Atlantic party to the convention to practise equal slowness in fulfilment. The thousand questions now settled by a united nation and strong central government at Washington, were then so many splinters and chips that became irritating centres of friction. The telegraph and railroad, by which the alienating power of distance has been overcome, and a unity as of a body with nerves and arteries obtained, did not then exist. Half of Mr. Fiske's able historical treatise is taken up in portraying the darkness and disaster of disunion. In chapter V., on 'The Germs of Sovereignty,' the sunshine begins to break out. The great territory beyond the Alleghanies claimed by several of the old States, become, by the magnanimity of the claimants, not a cause for war and destruction, but of higher union. Maryland acts as unifier by insisting and persisting that all claims westward shall be relinquished or adjusted before she will enter into the Union which the Federal Convention treated of in Chapter VI. foreshadows. Very full and satisfactory is the author's picture of the work done in Philadelphia during the hot summer of 1787, to lay the foundations of the Government under which we live. Clearly it emerges that Massachusetts led the way in the abolition of slavery, and New York in the establishment of religious freedom. Madison and Hamilton stand out as preëminent in the formation of the Constitution; while John Adams may be called the father of the American Navy. Continued examination with the search-lights of investigation does but add lustre to the name and character of Washington. The reading of this book has deepened the impression that the forthcoming (as we understand) History of the United States, by the same author, will be heartily welcomed in every part of the country.

"What Dreams May Come"

'WHAT DREAMS MAY COME' is not an admonitory treatise upon the consequences of tumbling into bed on a late supper of prawns and toasted cheese, but a study in metempsychosis, re-incarnation, or some kindred form of that Indian occultism, over which Col. Olcott, Mme. Blavatsky and a host of our younger writers have gone daft. As to just what specific phase of the phenomena in question the author is driving at, however, we admit ourselves at sea. The story opens at the beginning of the century, in the British Embassy at Constantinople. We are presented at dinner to the host, Sir Dafyd ap-Penrhyn, and his diplomatic guests. His wife, the beautiful Lady Sionèd, who has excused herself on the plea of indisposition, is discovered at her chamber-window, gazing out over Stamboul in the fading twilight. In the banquet-hall a health is pledged to the absent hostess, and Sir Dafyd withdraws from the board a moment to inquire after her condition. He surprises Sionèd with her lover, Lionel Dartmouth, who on the plea of work to be done has allowed his wife to attend the dinner alone. Here the scene closes.

* What Dreams May Come. By Frank Lin. 50 cts. Chicago: Belford, Clarke & Co.

Years pass. Stamboul changes to Paris, and the ambassadorial dinner-party to a reception at the Russian Legation, where reappear the ill-starred names of Dartmouth and Penrhyn. Harold Dartmouth is a Ouida-like reminiscence, with a false *cachet* of Mayfair, and a general I've-drained-the-cup-to-the-dregs sort of air about him; but Sionèd, despite a patronymic longer by far than the family rent-roll, and an inherited incubus to which we shall refer again, is as nice a girl as one would care to meet. Harold, born with a wretched load of *ennui* upon his spirits, and who is twenty-eight and forty-five at the same time, meets Sionèd under peculiar circumstances, and their acquaintance ripens during an evening in a way that is unconventional to say the least, but may be explained by the fact that they feel an irresistible affinity for each other. From this point the love-tale goes on apace. One night Harold in the seclusion of his chambers bellows forth: 'Her eyes! Her skin! Her form! . . . Her—her—her—oh! *what* is it?' He is not, however, in delirium tremens, nor a fit subject for Bedlam, but is struggling with an unformed epic within his brain. This mental exaltation leaves him in a fainting-fit which lasts all night. The same sort of thing continues at intervals during the progress of the story, till one day the tremendous truth bursts upon his mind, that he is his own grandfather; while Sionèd proves to be her own grandmother. They are, in short, the Lionel Dartmouth and the Lady Sionèd of the 'Overture,' reincarnate. Now the law is explicit that a man may not marry his grandmother, but it says nothing on the particular question which confronts our hero. The predicament is one that will interest the most jaded reader. In view of a certain episode in her grandmother's life, the delicacy of Sionèd's position is apparent. When his grandfather is up-permost, Harold shrieks madly about 'Her face! her form,' etc., and struggles with the epic, his grandfather having been a poet. When he is himself, as it were, he reasons on 'entities,' and questions himself as to what is the conventional and honest thing to do under the circumstances. But for the working out of this tremendous problem, we refer the reader to the book, in which the writer, like Mark Twain, in his 'Mediæval Romance,' gets the characters in such a strait that she cannot straighten them. So Sionèd is obliged to commit suicide by drowning. Just what becomes of Harold is a bit obscure.

'What Dreams May Come' is, in short, one of the most aggravated expressions of literary hysteria that we have come across in a long time. Ordinarily in such a case we should be inclined to prescribe the most heroic treatment known to critical therapeutics; but we fancy we perceive behind all that is abnormal here a stamina that with proper care and treatment may turn disease to rugged health. The conception is not original, but it has manifest possibilities, as demonstrated by the success of 'Mr. Isaacs,' a romance cast in the same mystical *milieu* of Buddhistic fancy.

"When Age Grows Young"

MR. HYLAND C. KIRK, who seems to be greatly interested in the problem of not dying, has attempted to illustrate his theme in a novel entitled 'When Age Grows Young.' The hero, Daniel Ritter, has a strong belief that he will live forever. He is a clairvoyant, but notwithstanding his gift of second-sight, provokes dislike by his eccentricities. He sees, in vision, Judge Wisner, the villain of the story, exciting his nephew to the commission of burglary upon the house in which his (Ritter's) lady-beloved lives, and rushes to the rescue of the innocent and defeat of the transgressors. Unable to prove anything in court, he succeeds only in getting the enmity of the accused and his companions. War breaking out, Ritter again has a clairvoyant view of the enemy's camp, but nothing important comes of it. In various ways, the hero is hounded by his three enemies; and one day Kelsey, the Judge's nephew, tries to kill Ritter be-

* When Age Grows Young. By Hyland C. Kirk. 50 cts. New York: C. T. Dillingham.

cause he imagines the latter to be in love with his (Kelsey's) lady-love, though in reality it is another man who is the interloping admirer. Unfortunately for Ritter, he is not allowed to see or enjoy the presence of his own sweetheart, until he proves his theory of longevity true. Then follows a string of episodes in which the phenomena of second-sight, the problems of insurance companies, conflagration, the supposed reduction to ashes of a reputed corpse, and the reappearance of the supposed mass of ashes in most inconvenient fashion, are detailed. Other minor events help to fill out the story, which is incoherent, inartistic, and a trial to the patience of a reader who does not enjoy novels in which a theory is ventilated at the expense of literary art. By combining Jules Verne's extravagances and the incidents in a certain book called 'Attempts to Defraud Insurance Companies' with the good advice found in *Hall's Journal of Health*, one ought to be able to furnish stories of this sort to order. One of the main incidents in this novel bears a surprising resemblance to the Udderzook episode in Pennsylvania, with which insurance companies are familiar. Mr. Kirke's idea seems to be that if we are to live hereafter, by a stronger ground of probability we could, by right education and practice, attain to terms of earthly life much longer than are known in ordinary history, and ultimately to life without death; and that the gifts which are sporadic among men may be won by any one who with will and energy devotes himself to the attainment of the special gift.

"From Flag to Flag" *

LITERARY souvenirs of the Confederacy are perpetually cropping up, now in one form, now in another. The other day we reviewed Page's 'Two Little Confederates,' giving the boys' side of that tragical struggle. To-day we have 'From Flag to Flag,' giving a woman's adventures in Louisiana, Mexico, and Cuba during the same period. For a long time this great passion and underglow will underlie Southern literature, giving fervency and eloquence to it, warming it with the sorrows and humiliations of a lost endeavor, sounding through it like a death-bell, 'Harmonisch all das All durchklingen,' and forming for it a foundation like that of the volcanic isles of the sea. With this fund of tropical caloric underneath its intellectual structure, many predict great things of it—tales and tragedies, rhyme and prose, —some of which begin to emerge. 'Luctor et emergo' is the motto of submerged Holland. Perhaps the submerged South may rise mysteriously fertilized from its fiery inundation and fulfil these predictions.

Mrs. Ripley's book is a very vivid and telling bead-roll of reminiscences of those times. As the wife of a Southern sugar-planter, she underwent more than the mythic twelve labors: throes, sorrows, deaths, burnings, exiles, wanderings. She and her little household literally hurried 'from flag to flag,'—from the plantation of Arlington, near Baton Rouge, up and down the prairies of Texas, up and down the Rio Grande, finally in a crazy vessel over to Cuba, on the fall of the Confederacy. The tales she tells autobiographically in this unpretentious book make the flesh creep, the ears tingle, the soul shed tears. The horrors of the War come back redder than ever, and its dismal privations, often with their ludicrous side, leap into a relief that is painful. The inside of the Confederacy is laid bare in this book in a way to make the heart quiver, and in its tell-tale, matter-of-fact way, the work furnishes material that will one day be valuable to the historian. The after-sojourn of the exiles in Havana and the accounts of Cuban plantation-life are exceedingly picturesque, and abound in vivacity and information. But after all it is the lady's experiences in the South more particularly which give her book its value.

* From Flag to Flag. A Woman's Adventures and Experiences in the South during the War: in Mexico; and in Cuba. By Eliza McH. Ripley. \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"Pen and Powder" *

A STORY of which the interest does not depend upon connected narrative is 'Pen and Powder,' the most recent contribution to our war literature, by 'Poliuto,' once correspondent in camp and field for the New York *Times*, and known to the peaceful world of everyday as Franc B. Wilkie. There is no attempt at literary finish in these chapters. They are the simple, vivid records of a news-seeker's life in wartime; a soldier of the Pen, who yet blinked not at Powder; who, quoting his 'open Sesame' as representative of the Press, passed without money and without price along the army lines, South, West, everywhere. Together with many good and some fresh stories of the Western campaign in the early years of the War, are presented photographically minute portrayals of certain well-known figures of the whilom 'Bohemian brigade.' Much is told of Col. Thomas W. Knox, representing the New York *Herald*, of Albert D. Richardson and Junius Henri Browne of the New York *Tribune*, of three Josephs—McCullagh of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, Colburn of the New York *World*, and Forrest, occasional correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*. Many other subsequently familiar names are encountered in the ranks. At Washington, in 1862, the iniquities of which Capital Mr. Wilkie describes in a few pages adorned with the realistic phraseology of a Zola, the correspondents of chief note are said to have been Whitelaw Reid and Ben Perley Poore. Assuredly, the author's experience in being taken by a 'friend' around a small-pox hospital, without knowledge of the nature of its prevalent disease, was enough to have embittered his recollections of Washington, even without the other features of vice, intemperance, contagion and filth, visible and invisible, which he recalls so vividly. Incidental encounters with Grant, Frémont, Sherman, and other leaders, lend variety to the recital, while such sketches as that of Gen. Frank Blair at the battle of Chickasaw Bayou give a distinct pleasure in the reading.

"B. C. 1887" †

'B. C. 1887' is a title meant to be a semi-irreverent pun on the well-known chronological abbreviation. Yet the adventures and travel described are not those of Egyptian or Babylonian times, but of our own day and of a year ago. Two lively Englishmen, named J. A. Lees and W. J. Clutterbuck, are the literary Siamese twins, whose work in the book we cannot clearly distinguish, but whose personality in the narrative is in each case strongly marked. Their titular hieroglyphic deciphered into English is 'British Columbia, 1887.' To the south-eastern portion of this part of the British dominions, now traversed by an iron highway, as well as by rivers well stocked with fish, and valleys and mountains full of game, these two hardy and healthy travellers, who had already 'done up' Norway, went, with rifle, fishing-line, camera, and all the luxuries of instrumental outfit that modern civilization can so well supply. As for food, that was easily obtained on the hoof, fin, or claw; and, as with the writings of all normal Englishmen, much of their story consists of detailed descriptions of what they had to eat, and how they ate it. Their adventures were not startling, but rather agreeable, and are pleasantly told. The style is rather ordinary in quality, but it has a wholesome open-air quality which makes it attractive and readable. Further, they have furnished us with scores of pictures from photographs of the feathered and other game that filled their bags; drawing some of their illustrative matter, however, from Audubon. The Indians, Chinamen, settlers, and typical characters found in this 'wild west' of Canada are well described, and those who want to shoot caribou or cast fly to the salmon of this paradise of sportsmen will heartily enjoy the book. The main part of the route lay between the Northern Pacific and the Canadian Pacific railroads. No

* Pen and Powder. By Franc B. Wilkie ('Poliuto'). \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Co. † B. C. 1887. By J. A. Lees and W. J. Clutterbuck. \$2.25. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

special difficulty or expense seems to attend the trip. Besides serving a useful purpose to geographer and general reader, the volume will be 'handy' as a guide-book.

Minor Notices

'HINTS ABOUT MEN'S DRESS,' by a 'New York Clubman,' is a volume of unaffected, sensible and timely observations. Many a young fellow, taking his first step alone on the parquet floor of a purely conventional society like that of New York, may be saved hereby the slip which will bring him misery and confusion. For what could protect against social ostracism the offender who should make his innocent appearance at an afternoon tea, having assumed for it his evening clothes? What girl holding a certain position in our metropolitan society would commit herself so far as to dance in the presence of her peers with a youngster wearing, with evening dress, an embroidered shirt, or a white satin cravat? Trifles beneath contempt these may be, but the unwritten law that governs them has power few dare resist. Besides, the most unpardonable species of vulgarity is that of eccentricity, presuming to foist its experiments upon an organization already smoothly running. If one wishes to be an outlaw, let him take bow and quiver, and hie him to the greenwood, where Robin Hood awaits him. To the submissive one, who finds it much less trouble to be commonplace, we counsel immediate acquaintance with the contents of the 'Clubman's' little pamphlet. He will find that they do not belie the promise upon their title-page to be 'Right principles, economically applied.' (30 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)

MARGARET WHITE endeavors in her little volume, 'After Noontide,' to console us for growing old. Her extracts take in a wide range from Socrates and Job to our own genial 'Autocrat.' We can all choose according to our bent—the lofty heights of religion and philosophy or the level plane of practical common-sense. No one gives us better hints than the wise Cicero, who bids us grow old at the helm, like the pilot in navigation; 'while some climb the mast, others run up and down the decks, others empty the bilgewater, he sits at the stern, at his ease. He does not do these things that the young men do, but in truth he does much greater and better things.' And again, in the same vein, 'the faults of old age must be atoned for by activity,' he tells us. Recounting his own busy life, the varied intellectual tasks in which he is engaged, his exercises of the memory and the understanding—the race-courses of the mind, as he calls them,—and the many duties to his friends and to the state, which he is able to discharge and maintain, he concludes: 'For, by a person who always lives in these pursuits and labors, it is not perceived when old age steals on. Thus gradually and unconsciously life declines into old age; nor is its thread suddenly broken, but the vital principle is consumed by time.' (\$1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

'BERTRAM THE PRINCE,' printed for the author in Philadelphia, is 'an idyll' of the shores of the Baltic Sea, which details in verse the adventures of twin brothers both confusingly christened Bertram, and each exactly resembling the other in appearance. One of these youths becomes a prince, the other remains a fisherman; and meeting after a lapse of twenty years they exchange places—an experiment carried out even in the presence of their respective sweethearts, 'a noble lady, proudest of the realm, Fair Ida,' and 'a brown bare-foot maiden with dark eyes,' named Lulu. Naturally, neither one of these damsels is pleased with the result; whatever the reader may be.—'THE VOICE OF NATURE' is a nice little assortment of verses selected from poets who have especially attuned their lyres to nature's praise. This little volume, with its chromo-lithographed sunset upon the cover, and numerous illustrations, will no doubt give pleasure to many purchasers. (60 cts. A. C. Armstrong & Son.)

THERE are those who optimistically claim that voluntary prayers at Harvard College are a 'success'; others do not apply that term to the facts in the case. However it may be with the everyday morning devotions, it is quite certain that the Sunday night preaching services and the Thursday afternoon 'vespers' are highly successful. The students like them and attend them; and so do the young ladies, and the select people of Cambridge. The Preachers to the University have been, in addition to the Plummer Professor, Francis G. Peabody, four well-known active pastors. Beginning with Alexander McKenzie, whose ancient colonial church and modern Gothic edifice are hard by the Washington elm at Cambridge, we have the prince of extemporaneous preachers, brilliant, poetic, tender, and eloquent. In Phillips Brooks we have a grand personality, and a rushing flow of words and ideas swift as a mill-race

and imposing and fertilizing as a river. In Edward Everett Hale we have the pale and haggard miner among books and deliver in manuscripts; clear, easy, conversational. From young George A. Gordon of the 'New Old South' Church in Boston, whose maturity is not yet a fixed fact, we listen to sermons full of promise. The clear, Scriptural, scholarly, earnest addresses of Prof. Peabody seem less like a college teacher's formal talks, and more like those of a pastor who dwells in living contact with the people. Three or four denominations are thus represented. Delivered to young men in the heyday of life, between the time of outdoor sports and the dinner-hour and evening toil or gayety, these sub-nocturnal homilies must be brief, pointed, strong; and in the main they are. Reported from week to week for *The Christian Register*, they are now gathered into a dainty volume by the wide-awake editor, Dr. Barrows. Those who would like to know how to compress whole sermons into a very few minutes, and to unravel the secret of holding critical young men's attention, had better read 'Harvard Vespers.' (\$1. Roberts Bros.)

MR. J. H. ALLEN adds one more to the list of works on the tariff question by a brochure on 'The Tariff and its Evils.' He is a merchant and shipowner, and his familiarity with the shipping business enables him to speak with some authority as to the effects of commercial restriction in that direction; but his book as a whole cannot be regarded as successful. He seems to lack the power of close and exact reasoning which the subject demands, and sometimes expresses opinions of very dubious soundness. For instance, he hazards the remark that a surplus in the national revenue is worse than a deficit; and elsewhere he says that 'commercial freedom is more to be prized than political liberty.' We must add that the style of the book is bad, the sentences being often loaded down with parentheses which make the meaning obscure. Sometimes a single sentence is prolonged to nearly a page. Free traders will have to use a plainer style than this, if they are ever to convert the American people to their views. (\$1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

A MORE frankly overblown and warm-blooded dame than the one who officiates as Muse to Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, it has not been our privilege to encounter upon the plains of Poesy. Whether her offences against decency are condoned by a certain ease in versification and a rhythmical glibness in conveying homely truths, which are peculiar to this author, is a question for the public to decide. Her latest publication in book form is called 'Poems of Pleasure.' Our own view of the quality of 'Pleasure' to be derived from the 'Poems' in question, is that it must be taken exceeding 'sadly.' (Chicago: Belford, Clarke & Co.)—WITHIN covers of frosted white, stamped with a lettering of gold, come the 'Sunbeams and Snowflakes' of William Wilfred Campbell, from their birthplace in New Brunswick, Canada. The author of these graceful poems is already favorably known as a contributor of verses to *The Century*, *The Atlantic*, and other leading periodicals of America. For the sources of his inspiration in these early efforts of his muse, the poet has looked to nature in her varying aspects, from the 'red-ripe of lusty June,' to 'bare November, bleak and chill,' and to the home visions that throng around the dreamer in his study-chair at midnight, peopling the gloom with promises of love and hope.

SOME of the addresses read at the general Christian conference at Washington last year have been published in a handy volume entitled 'Problems of American Civilization.' They relate to many of the most pressing questions of the day, such as the relations of capital and labor, the decline in the habit of church-going, immigration, intemperance and the liquor traffic, and others of equal moment. All of them give evidence of thoughtfulness and an earnest desire for moral and social reform. Two of the principal topics with several of the speakers were the perils of city life and those arising from the vast influx of foreigners; but though these perils were strongly dwelt upon in their various aspects, we fail to find in the addresses any suggestions of much value as to a remedy. The labor difficulty is not, as it seems to us, so well treated as some of the other problems that are dealt with; but the paper by President Gates of Rutgers College, on 'The Misuse of Wealth,' is an able one, and contains advice and warnings that ought to be laid to heart by every rich man in the country. Prof. Boyesen's paper on 'Immigration' is one of the best we have seen on that subject; but the measures of restriction he proposes hardly strike us as an adequate solution of the problem. Rev. Dr. Pierson of Philadelphia considers the 'Estrangement of the Masses from the Church,' frankly admitting that not more than one-fifth of our urban population are church-goers. The other addresses collected in this volume are by various clergymen and other moral reformers, and will well repay perusal. (60 cts. Baker & Taylor Co.)

MESSRS. SCRIBNER have republished some of the maps and statistics contained in their 'Statistical Atlas,' together with additional matter, in a 'Citizen's Atlas of American Politics.' The various colored maps and charts illustrate the history of political parties, the electoral and popular votes at all the Presidential elections, the history of finance and commerce, the distribution of the foreign population, and other matters of interest in our political history. Each one is accompanied by statistical tables giving in precise detail the information graphically conveyed by the maps and charts. There is also some historical matter relating especially to the history of political parties and the leading questions that have arisen in our national affairs. The maps and statistics relating to the foreign-born population are among the most interesting and important, not only for politicians, but for moralists and educators as well. If we were inclined to criticise the work, we should say that the space devoted to Presidential elections was somewhat larger than is necessary. Both maps and statistics have evidently been prepared with care, and the workmanship of the book is excellent. It is edited by T. W. Hewes, author of the 'Statistical Atlas' above referred to; and its publication adds one more to the list of useful works now available for instruction in public affairs. (\$2.)

LONGFELLOW'S 'Village Blacksmith' has been made into one of those little booklets, illustrated in England, printed in Bavaria and sold in America, which have appeared in such swarms this season. The illustrator seems to have been unaware of any differences between Old and New England villages and villagers; but he has made pretty pictures, and they have been well reproduced in chromo-lithography. (50 cts. E. & J. B. Young & Co.)—J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO. publish, with illustrations, an entertaining and instructive little work on 'The Animal Life of our Sea Shore,' dealing principally with shell-fish, jelly-fish and crabs. In an easy and natural style, the author, Angelo Heilprin, treats of their anatomy, affinities and habits, and communicates some valuable gastronomic information about our friend the quahog, who is already appreciated as he deserves, and about the mussel and the razor-fish, which are not. (50 cts.)

IN TWO THICK-SET volumes, Messrs. G. A. Hutchison and Charles Peters, with a host of helpers, tell boys and girls respectively pretty much all they want to know, the boys about sports, games, puzzles and model-making, the girls about crochet, painting, music, and how to read the Bible. The 'Boy's Own Book' contains instructions about gymnastics, model steam-engines, electrical apparatus; draughts, go-ban and fanorola; the magic-lantern, taxidermy, and lapidary's work; artificial wood, musical glasses, thought-reading, balloons, kaleidoscopes and the 'dancing American Nigger.' 'The Girl's Own Indoor Book' is equally lavish of advice concerning plain sewing, crewels, flap-jacks, water-colors, drawn work and drawn butter; how to address people of title, and how to go through the wedding ceremony; how to write an essay, and how to fry potatoes. It tells also how to cook kebabs, which it calls 'nebabs,' omitting mention, we are sorry to say, of the bay-leaves in which they should be rolled to eat them; and—what is worse—it avers that haggis may be made in a jar. But it is a very nice book, nevertheless, and, like its companion volume, very well illustrated. (\$1.75 each. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

THE SOULE Photograph Co., Boston, publish in two volumes of moderate size selected accounts of some of the most celebrated statues of the world, and the places in which they were found, or in which they are now preserved. Blank pages are left on which photographs of the statues and buildings described may be pasted. With or without these photographs, 'Some Noted Sculptures and Their Homes,' as the compilation is called, should be a useful one to the student of art.—'THE PLOTS of Some of the Most Famous Old English Plays' have been condensed by Mr. Henry Grey into a small-sized volume of 112 pages. Twenty-two plays, by various authors, from Marlowe to the first Lord Lytton, are presented to the reader in a manner that may serve to remind him of the general course of the action in each, but so curt and dry that instead of creating a desire, in anyone not already acquainted with them, to read the originals, it will be more likely to have the opposite effect. A few quotations from each play and some indication of changes of scene, etc., would have made the book vastly more useful without much increasing its bulk or cost. (1s. London: Grif-fith, Farran & Co.)

MR. RUFUS KING, author of 'Ohio' in the American Commonwealths Series, modestly disclaims the versatility of talent attributed to him by our reviewer two weeks ago, and states that these attributes of 'journalist, engineer, military commander and diplomatist' belong to his cousin, of the same name, who died some twelve years ago. Mr. King is a prominent lawyer in Cincinnati.

To the Year 1889

HAVE I no weapon-word for thee—some message brief and fierce?

Have I fought out and done indeed the battle? Is there no shot left,

For all thy affectations, lisps, scorns, manifold silliness?

Nor for myself—my own rebellious self in thee?

Down, down, proud gorge!—though choking thee;
Thy bearded throat and high-borne forehead to the gutter;
Crouch low thy neck to eleemosynary gifts.

WALT WHITMAN.

The Lounger

THERE seems to be a decided 'boom,' if I may be allowed the expression, in the matter of the infant drama. 'Editha's Burglar' is responsible for the kindling of the spark (not to change the metaphor too abruptly), and 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' has fanned it into a flame. It is said that every mother who has a son or daughter who can stand up before a roomful of guests and recite 'Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star,' sees a future Fauntleroy in her offspring. Instead of stage-struck belles with social backing, managers are now confronted by proud mamas who lead their infant prodigies into the august presence. There is, unfortunately, quite a demand for juvenile talent, for there are countless 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' companies going on 'the road,' and each has to carry two of his little lordships; for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children will not let one youngster carry the weight of the seven performances per week. These precocious children make a great deal of money, and are worth much in dollars and cents to their parents, as well as to their managers. So remunerative are they, that plays for their special employment are being written, and others unearthed. A company of youngsters is now playing 'Alice in Wonderland' in London; and I am waiting to know what manager will be astute enough to put upon the stage the tragic story of 'Cock Robin,' or that pretty pastoral, 'Little Bo-Peep'?

SPEAKING of the stage, the cable tells us that Mr Irving's production of 'Macbeth' at the Lyceum Theatre is a more splendid spectacle than 'Faust.' The critics do not seem particularly enthusiastic over Mr. Irving's presentation of the title-role, and I should not think that he would make a particularly good appearance as Macbeth. We have been brought up to regard the murderous Scot as a big, brutal fellow, whose cowardice was only equalled by his size. In Mr. Irving's hands he must be a sort of Mefistofeleian creature, of lithe and airy figure, rather than a man of aldermanic proportions. Miss Terry's Lady Macbeth is praised; and there is but one opinion as to the beauty of the stage-setting. By the way, while the actors are 'going in' so strongly for protection, why do they not at the same time try to get legislation against English scenery? The stage fittings brought to this country by Mr. Irving are much finer than anything we have at home, and cast the average star's scenery and properties into the shade.

SOMETHING has happened to revive the discussion of the 'most fashionable four hundred' question, and the Jeameses and Jenkineses are at work on rival lists, each claiming the *cachet* of absolute 'authoritativeness.' I do not know just what constitutes authoritativeness in such matters. It is all a sealed book to me; and I might study the subject from now till doomsday without getting a clearer notion than I have to-day of the reasons for excluding the 'self-made' Mr. Wiggins from a list of social lights in which the equally self-made Mr. Higgins is included, or for including Mr. W. and excluding Mr. H., if that should happen to be the right arrangement. One expects to find in each of these rosters the name of the gilded youth who is engaged in spending his grandfather's hard-earned millions, and is not surprised to find that of the millionaire's son, or even his younger brother. But why one millionaire's son or grandson should be counted in, and another one's counted out, is one too much for me. Acuter wits than mine have been wrecked before, and happy households desolated, in the attempt to solve problems of this sort, and no knottier than this, and I am quite content to leave to Mr. Ward McAllister, *The Epoch* and *Once a Week* the determination of all claims for social recognition in New York. As I understand it, Mr. McAllister has never professed to say who *ought* to be, but only who *is*, of the elect. This is a simpler matter to decide, perhaps, and the decision a less invidious one to make. But all the same, I should not care to be in his boots if no one were around but a half-dozen ambitious women against

whom his fiat had gone forth! Indeed, it would probably take the whole four hundred to protect him from the tongue and talons of even one of his gentle victims.

A LADY in Boston writes to me as follows:

Having seen your notice of the lady who wrote 7000 words in a day, presumably from shorthand notes, I want to give you an experience of mine, which you may use, if you choose, without my name. Nearly twenty years ago, I was sent for to come to the Capitol in Washington to do some shorthand work. There were not many women who wrote shorthand then, but I was a fair hand at it. It was the day that the revelations about Belknap came out, and the War Committee (I think it was that Committee) was in session for hours and hours, Mr. Hayes and Mr. Devine reporting. I took my desk at 1 P.M. and never even stood up, or stopped to eat anything except a bowl of oyster-soup that was brought to me, till 1 A.M., an hour past midnight. In that time I wrote in shorthand ten thousand words, and transcribed them all—receiving therefor the munificent (!) sum of \$10 (ten cts. a folio, the regular price). The cars had stopped running, and with my sister I walked three miles home! Of course I had been busy all the morning, teaching, etc., up to 1 P.M. That was the hardest day's work, in a busy life, that I ever did, and I was none the worse for it but took my class as usual at 9 A.M. the next day. Does this sound like boasting? It was so many years ago, that it seems to me as though I were only speaking of another person.

'THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY,' in three volumes, 'by Junior,' may be seen exposed for sale in a Nassau Street bookstore. Burton would have elaborated a quip or two on the vanity of fame, could he have foreseen this curious bit of hocus-pocus. Mr. Democritus Junior's name naturally suggests that of the well-known French dramatist, Mr. Alexandre D. Fils.

A FRIEND in Camden to whom I sent an article from *The Saturday Review* on Negro folk-lore, writes to me concerning it:

I quite agree with the writer of that article that most—nine-tenths, perhaps—of the so called Negro folk-lore is derived from the whites; but it is the other tenth that we want. There are some few things which give unmistakable evidence of purely African origin. But let me ask our critic, who makes a good argument for certain details which he shows cannot belong to the usages of a naked and uncivilized tribe. Where did the Greeks and Romans get their superstitions? After a visit to Egypt we see that much of the learning and art of this mighty people had a powerful influence on the Greeks and Romans, more than we had any idea of. To-day the intercourse of the Negro tribes in the Soudan with the present Egyptians is considerable; what must it have been when the Nile was crowded with native sails, and had a prosperous intercourse with the interior. Ethiopian slaves figure on the Egyptian monuments; indeed, they could not have been unknown in the households of Greece and Rome. The Negroes got most of their folk-lore from the same source we got it from. Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other. Geometry applied to folk-lore!

THE PICTURESQUE little Episcopal Church at Eastchester, not more than twelve miles from the bustling metropolis, has just celebrated its 150th anniversary. There was a great gathering there, presided over by Bishop Potter, and the history of the old Church was recounted and memories of many generations revived. This church is one of the oldest in the country. It stands on the old Boston Post-road, and is the one redeeming feature placed in the landscape of that pretty spot by the hand of man. Though standing between two thriving towns, New Rochelle and Mount Vernon, Eastchester is as sleepy a little hamlet as one could find within a thousand miles, and yet at no very distant day it will be a part of the City of New York. I have spent many an hour in wandering about the old place, particularly in the yard of St. Paul's Church, where the tombstones are many of them so old that their very frank and not always flattering epitaphs can scarcely be deciphered. My attention was first called to the church by Mr. E. S. Nadal, in that delightful book of his, 'Essays at Home and Elsewhere.' He describes it with accurate and sympathetic pen in a paper called 'The Old Boston Post-Road.' There is plenty of material for such sketches as this around New York, but unfortunately there are few writers whose talents turn towards their description. It is a pity that Mr. Nadal does not give us more of this sort of thing.

International Copyright

DR. EDWARD EGGLESTON, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Copyright League, has issued a circular in support of International Copyright, in which he sets forth anew, and most concisely, the terms of the legislation sought by the advocates of the cause:

The bill before the House of Representatives provides that foreign authors, artists, etc., may obtain copyright in this country

upon certain conditions and with certain limitations, to wit:—1. The title of the book or description of the work to be copyrighted must be filed in the office of the Librarian of Congress before publication in this country or elsewhere. 2. Not later than the day of publication in the United States or elsewhere, two copies of the work shall be deposited in the library of Congress. 3. No copyright is given to the foreign author unless his book is printed from type set in this country. 4. Of books so copyrighted, the proposed law allows the importation of copies of the foreign edition for the use of the importer only, under certain restrictions. . . . It will be seen that certain classes of books will not be affected by this bill. 1. All literature first published abroad before this bill goes into force will still remain unprotected by copyright in this country. 2. All books published abroad before they are issued in this country, after this bill shall have become a law, will remain liable to reprint here without the payment of any remuneration to the author. The operation of the bill is therefore confined to books first published after the law goes into force, and to those which shall be issued in this country simultaneously with or before their publication abroad, and which shall be printed here.

MANY anonymous circulars have been sent out in opposition to the pending bill by persons who realize that the influence of the documents would be impaired if their authorship were known. The forces enlisted in favor of the measure are as follows:

1. The American Copyright League, composed of almost every author of standing and of many public-spirited citizens.
2. The American Publishers' Copyright League, to which belongs almost every well-known publisher in the country, including the largest publishers of the cheap 'libraries.'
3. The Copyright Leagues in Boston and elsewhere, auxiliary to the American Copyright League.
4. The Typographical Unions of the United States, composed of the journeymen printers of the entire country.
5. The Pressmen's Unions. The organizations named above were represented before the Committees of Congress and advocated the bill.
6. All who are interested in the higher education of the community, and in providing for it at the lowest cost increased supplies of the best literature.
7. The greater part of the journalists of the country have spoken in favor of the bill.
8. Two hundred and forty Southern men-of-letters and journalists have signed a petition in favor of it.

The opposition to the Copyright Bill comes from

1. Arnoux, Ritchie & Woodford, a firm of lawyers whose clients conceal their names.
2. London publishers who have petitioned the British Government to interfere against the bill.
3. Foreign printers who have had a representative in this country during the past year, opposing the bill, in the fear that it may injure their foreign industry.
4. The so-called 'American Press Association' (represented by O. H. Smith), a corporation doing business at 32 Vesey Street, New York, which makes money by selling to the newspapers electrotypes of pirated English literary productions, excluding in so far the works of American authors from the columns of American journals.

COMMENTING upon one of the appeals referred to above, *The Evening Post* well says:

We do not know where to look for such direct incitements to dishonesty as are to be found in documents of this character. In our day, incitements to theft or fraud are all given orally, except among the opponents of International Copyright. They now monopolize the discredit of issuing printed arguments in support of the doctrine that dishonesty is the best policy. The paper before us shows how much money working printers make, and how much American readers save, by robbing foreign authors. Almost every word of it, however, could be used in support of a well-conceived plan for swindling clothiers, supposing there were no legal penalty for such an offence. That is, the clothiers are a small body, while the wearers of the clothing are an immense body. Men must have clothing; they cannot go naked; and the practice of charging money for clothes puts an impediment in the way of the satisfaction of an absolutely necessary and most salutary want on the part of people of small means. One of the funniest parts of the circular is that which pleads against depriving the foreign author of the 'popularity' he now enjoys through the cheapness of his printed books. If he were paid for his copyright, says the pamphleteer, fewer of his books would be read, and then where would be his 'popularity'? This argument might also be turned against the clothier. A clothier who got nothing for his goods would, if he

stayed in the business, soon be the most popular man in the United States.

THE annual meeting of the International Copyright Association of Boston was held on Monday at Young's Hotel. Among those present were President Eliot of Harvard, Col. Thos. Wentworth Higginson, Wm. T. Adams, E. H. Clement, John Wilson, James Parton, Joseph Cook, H. Alexander, Daniel Lathrop, the Rev. Dr. W. E. Griffis, Warren F. Kellogg, the Rev. Dr. N. G. Clarke, Alexander Young, Dana Estes, Samuel Elder, H. O. Houghton, and Mr. Warren. Secretary Estes said that as regarded membership the Association was in practically the same condition as last year. Mr. Houghton stated that the American Press Association was circulating a petition among the newspaper offices, to the effect that such a law will injure their business, 'inasmuch as they will not be able to obtain the best reading-matter without paying for it.' He thought the public was in sympathy with the movement, but unless the bill was passed this year, the Association would have to begin anew and educate the people up to the advantage to be derived from the law. There was a chance of getting the bill before this House, and a possibility that it would pass.

The Players

THE Players' clubhouse, No. 16 Gramercy Park, was thrown open on the last night of the old year, and taken possession of by the new Club. Mr. Edwin Booth, the President, made the presentation speech, and Mr. Augustin Daly accepted the gift in behalf of the Club. The term princely may well be applied to the spirit that dictated Mr. Booth's purchase, equipment and disposition of the handsome house in Twentieth Street, long occupied as the residence of the late Mr. Clarkson N. Potter. The rearrangement of the building was entrusted to Mr. Stanford White, of the firm of McKim, Mead & White, the architects; and his transforming touch appears even to the passer-by, in the closing of the old entrance, the flinging of a wrought-iron balcony across the first floor, and the opening of a handsome doorway in the English basement. From this entrance, a white marble stairway leads to the first floor; but billiard-players may enjoy a game or two with cue and balls before ascending it. The following description of the reconstructed house is taken from *The Evening Post*:

There is a large central hall on this floor, paved with white marble. On one side is an old mahogany sideboard with brass fittings, and on the other a high black marble fire-place extending half-way to the ceiling, large enough to burn huge logs of wood. In the rear are the kitchen, servants' rooms, and lavatories.

Retracing one's steps, and ascending to the first floor, one enters the great hall of the building. The general tone of the decoration here is white. The floor is of polished oak, with tiger skins and bear skins scattered about on it. The walls are covered with gold Japanese paper, and the ceiling is light in color. On the western side there is a mantel ten feet in height, of beautifully carved white and yellow African marble. In the immense fire-place are iron fire-dogs of odd workmanship, and over the mantel is a picture of the elder Booth, painted by Thomas Sully. Doors open from this hall to the front and rear.

The rooms in front are the reading-rooms. One is up three short steps, and is over the entrance. One window in it looks out over Gramercy Park, and there is in the rear of the room a stained-glass window opening on the main staircase. A maroon-colored carpet covers the floor, the heavy curtains are sage green, and the chairs and tables are of black oak, in odd designs. Under the stained-glass window is an old-fashioned window seat, commodious and comfortable. The walls are covered with pictures, among them being a Gainsborough, a McEntee, and some beautiful enamels. The large reading-room in front is finished in the same colors as the smaller room, and the furniture and fittings are of mahogany. Comfortable chairs and lounges are scattered about, and the tables and book-cases are beautiful. Over the mantel is a large piece of Flemish tapestry with mirror and side-lights. On the walls are a picture of 'Louisiana,' by Joseph Jefferson, a picture by George H. Boughton, and many others.

The grill-room on the same floor in the rear is nearly thirty-two

feet square and is doubtless the best of its kind in the city. The ceiling shows oak beams and girders which at least look old. The wainscoting is of oak extending seven feet from the floor. At the top of the wainscoting a shelf runs around the room. Underneath it are pegs upon which hang silver beer-mugs, and on it are old pewter plates (described as rare), plaques, and mugs. Against the wainscoting, and under the shelf, is a collection of pictures of actors, of theatres, and old play-bills, many of them rare. At each end of the room are high fire-places in oak, with great quantities of blue and white Dutch tiles in them stippled with gold. They give a rich effect. Over one mantel is the sentiment: 'Come sit by my side and let the world wag, for we shall ne'er be younger.' Mouth it, as many of your players do, is over the other.

At the east end of the room is a stag's head with spreading antlers; at the west there are three sets of antlers. The twisted candleabra around the room are of silver. The large chandelier is of combined silver branches with stags' heads. Looking to the south is a broad piazza, which overlooks Nineteenth Street, the gardens of the houses on Irving Place and the Tilden Library giving an open space 100 feet wide, giving light and air in summer.

Returning to the main hall, one passes up an oak staircase to the second floor, where the library is. This room extends the full depth of the house north and south, and at each end to the side is a small room, one of which will be used by the directors, and the other as a private dining-room. Low black walnut book-shelves run all around the library, and when they are filled, will contain 12,000 or more books. There are two mantelpieces in this room of red African marble on which are quaint brass clocks. Over one is a quotation from 'The Tempest,' 'My library was dukedom large enough for me,' and over the other, 'Take choice from all my library,' from 'Titus Andronicus.' The fittings and furnishings of this room are in black walnut, and the draperies are maroon. On the walls are pictures from the collections of John E. Owens, J. S. Clarke, Edwin Booth, and others; and among them may be seen portraits of Harry and Tom Placide, McCready, Forrest, Burton, and others.

The third floor will be used by Mr. Booth personally. It has been handsomely fitted up in two suites, one for himself and another for any friends whom he may wish to entertain. On the fourth floor are servants' quarters and rooms for an occasional occupant.

The membership of the new Club has been classified, unofficially, as follows:

Actors.—Joseph Anderson, Lawrence Barrett, Edwin Booth, E. S. Conner, John Drew, Harry Edwards, Owen Fawcett, Charles Fisher, W. J. Florence, John Gilbert, Joseph Jefferson, Edward Harrigan, John A. Lane, James Lewis, W. J. Le Moyné, James E. Murdock, Gene W. Pressbrey, Walden Ramsay, Sol Smith Russell, Alexander Salvini, Francis Wilson.

Managers.—J. W. Albaugh, Arthur B. Chase, J. C. Duff, T. Henry French, Daniel Frohmann, Charles B. Jefferson, Marshall H. Mallory, A. M. Palmer, Frank Sanger, E. C. Stanton, Eugene Tomkins.

Dramatic Authors.—T. B. Aldrich, S. L. Clemens, Augustin Daly, William Gillette, G. P. Lathrop, D. D. Lloyd, Brander Matthews, T. R. Sullivan.

Dramatic Collectors and Writers About the Theatre.—William L. Andrews, J. H. V. Arnold, William Bispham, H. H. Furness, Laurence Hutton, Joseph N. Ireland, Thomas J. McKee, J. Hampden Robb, Franklin Sargent.

Others.—S. P. Avery, S. L. M. Barlow, C. C. Beaman, E. C. Benedict, Charles E. Carryl, Charles P. Daly, Joseph F. Daly, R. W. Gilder, Parke Godwin, John Hoey, A. S. Hewitt, Brayton Ives, James Russell Lowell, Stephen H. Olin, James R. Osgood, John W. Mackay, Horace Porter, G. L. Rives, Elihu Root, Augustus St. Gaudens, W. T. Sherman, J. Alden Weir, Stanford White.

Boston Letter

I FIND that my reference to Dr. Holmes as sharing the infirmity of deafness with Mr. Whittier has been misunderstood by some of his friends who, perhaps naturally, did not realize that a small share of that infirmity was all that my statement was designed to apportion to the 'Autocrat.' A recent chat with him in which, without raising my voice above the ordinary conversational level, I was able to make myself perfectly understood, makes me desirous of correcting the wrong impression that he is deaf as the word is commonly understood, and to say that while he does not catch remarks uttered in a low or indistinct tone as well as he once did, he finds no difficulty in following ordinary conversation. Considering his age, it is rather remarkable that he hears so well, but what impresses me especially in talking with him is his mental alertness, the quickness with which he seizes upon felicitous ideas that are suggested to him by the topics of familiar talk. This is good

evidence of the preservation unimpaired of his intellectual faculties, for slowness of apprehension is one of the first signs of failing powers in a man of his temperament.

Dr. Holmes has his full share of the milder trials which literary eminence entails, in the receipt of letters asking for all sorts of favors, and his kindness of heart makes him more considerate in dealing with them than one would think possible. His handwriting shows no trace of unsteadiness, and his letters are models of neatness and grace.

The picture of Dr. Holmes in his library which looks out upon the Charles River has become familiar through photographs, and in the poem 'My Aviary' he pleasantly limns the sea-fowl that hover over its sparkling waters. This season, while the ducks have made their appearance as usual, the gulls have turned out in extraordinary numbers, as if to impress the poet with a sense of their appreciation of his acute analysis of their characteristics as philosophers and 'gentlemen of leisure.'

A statement has appeared in the newspapers that Dr. Holmes's grandson has produced some remarkable work in wood-carving. The lad is too young to have done anything extraordinary in the art, but on his grandfather's writing-desk is a piece of some dark wood, deftly hollowed out, which pleases the poet's eye for graceful form, and has a special interest for him as the work of his bright grandson.

Balzac's 'Louis Lambert' will be published by Roberts Bros. about the middle of January, with an introduction by Mr. George Frederic Parsons which for the first time removes the veil from that strange mixture of profound philosophy and fiction. Mr. Parsons brings the subject-matter of the book up to the present time by showing the close analogies between many of Balzac's occult theories and those which modern science has accepted since his death. In fact the introduction shows 'Louis Lambert' to be full of deep thoughts and shrewd scientific conclusions, and presents it as in some sort a link between Western science and Oriental wisdom, religion, and philosophy. Some idea of the labor involved in the preparation of this introduction may be had from the fact that one hundred and thirty books were consulted for the purpose, and that six months were spent in writing it. It is really a book by itself, and fills 155 pages, the story of 'Louis Lambert' occupying 145. The story, in Mr. Parsons's view, was written to show the working of a pure and powerful mind in a body too feeble to withstand the pressure of thought. The result was what passed for insanity, except with those who recognized in it an ecstatic condition which transcends expression of its intellectual visions. Another object of Balzac in writing 'Louis Lambert' is said by Mr. Parsons to be the embodiment of certain views and speculations which were the results of his wide reading in little explored fields, combined with the expression of that philosophy of life which was characteristic of his own genius. The bearings of the story upon science and occult philosophy are illustrated by a remarkable array of authorities.

Mr. Parsons's introduction to 'Louis Lambert' makes me feel that Balzac was fortunate in having been born before this prosaic age of 'materializing' mediums, though I think he would have enjoyed the mild flavor of supernaturalism which marks the investigations of our psychical societies. It is interesting to learn that Roberts Bros. intend to follow up 'Louis Lambert' with a third volume of this remarkable trilogy, 'Seraphita' (the first being 'The Magic Skin'), also with an introduction by Mr. Parsons, the translation being by Miss Wormeley, who has done such excellent work in the previous volumes.

The annual meeting of the American Copyright Association in this city this afternoon did not develop much that was new, except the impression conveyed by the remarks of Mr. H. Q. Houghton and Mr. Dana Estes, that the underhand opposition to the bill from the authors of anonymous petitions, presumably in the interests of the Press Association and of unorganized bodies of printers, and perhaps of foreign publishers, was backed by a good deal of money and influence. The proposal to have Authors' Readings for the benefit of the League was well received, and can hardly fail to be successfully carried out.

Among the authors present at the meeting was Mr. Parton, who told me that he was always glad to get back to his quiet home in Newburyport, where he escapes the drain upon his time and nerves which life in a great city necessitates. I could not but contrast the views of this genial literary recluse with those of Col. Higginson, also a conspicuous figure at the meeting, whose social as well as literary and philanthropic activities are proverbial, and who is in his element in presiding at the meetings of the Browning Society, or introducing the essayist of the evening and guiding the subsequent discussion at the Round Table Club.

BOSTON, Dec. 31, 1888.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

The Magazines

THOSE who read appreciatively the paper, by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield, on Florence in the days of Romola, that appeared last spring in *Scribner's Magazine*, will enjoy not less another paper, by the same writers, on 'Castle Life in the Middle Ages,' which opens the magazine for the new year. These two collaborators, who, like the Pennells, work most harmoniously together, one with pen, the other with pencil, have studied mediævalism to good purpose, and the chapter before us, with its chronicle of brave men and fair ladies, its monks, minstrels, knights, and crusaders, and its record of feasts and vigils and jousts and tournaments, reads like a page of Froissart. The present instalment of 'The Master of Ballantrae' will awaken an increased interest in American readers, for Mr. Stevenson drank in inspiration as well as balsamic air while living among the Adirondacks last winter, and is using the virgin forests of the last century for a background to his narrative. We here find our hero shipped for the New World and encountering among other thrilling adventures a pack of savages, 'all naked to the waist, blacked with grease and soot, and painted with white lead and vermilion, according to their beastly habits.' W. C. Brownell, in his 'French Traits,' dissects the 'weaker vessel' as exemplified in French life, but without the addition of any deductions that have not been advanced and approved or contradicted from time immemorial; and in 'Japanese Art Symbols' we have a contribution from Dr. William E. Griffiths that is especially interesting to the general as well as the particular reader, embellished with illustrations which are rendered peculiarly odd by their unaccustomed appearance in black and white. The final paper, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, is a pleasantly reminiscent essay on the 'Odd Sticks' that were a natural product of the isolation of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where much of Mr. Aldrich's boyhood was spent. 'Nous avons changé tout cela' is the half-pathetic burden of his pages; for the railway has come, and its merciless wheels have obliterated local character. In the way of poetry there is an impassioned chant from Edith M. Thomas, called 'Nunc Dimittis'; a graceful sonnet, on 'Beethoven's Third Symphony,' by Richard Hovey; a few lines from Louise Chandler Moulton, 'In Bohemia'; and a pleasing Rondo, by Henry S. Sanford, Jr.

We do not write tragedy nowadays, or at least tragic drama; and even if we did, the character of Commodus is far better and more luminously rendered in Gibbon than it is sketched by Gen. Wallace; and the incident in his bloody career upon which the General has built his lines for the January *Harper's* is certainly more compressed in the 'Decline and Fall.' In this age of pressure, one can hardly forgive expansion in any form of expression. It is not very bad, perhaps; but a thing of this sort ought either to be very good, or not to be at all. For ourselves we have felt far greater enjoyment in the perusal of the 'Ballad of the Bird-Bride,' of Mr. Graham R. Tomson, which, in its spirited treatment and sombre strength, recalls 'The Skeleton in Armor.' Prof. Hill's paper on 'Colloquial English' should be read, thought over and digested by most of us, slipshod speakers and writers that we are; and at the same time, while on the subject of imperfections, we recommend for meditation the Easy Chair's little Sermon, which turns upon an old adage about doing in Rome as the Romans do, etc. W. W. Thomas offers one of his entertaining Scandinavian contributions, which have such an unhackneyed freshness about them; and in 'The Ancient City of Wisby' we catch a glimpse of the once prosperous mediæval island of Gottland. There is a paper by F. C. Beach, tending to show what an expert science amateur photography has become in a few years; Clarence Cook writes of 'Russian Bronzes,' with illustrations of splendid specimens, notably those of the 'Arab with the Lion Cubs,' and the vigorous horseman, by Lancere; and Commissioner MacCarthy has a long and apparently authentic paper on 'The Manufacturing Industry of Ireland.' Miss Woolson's serial, entitled 'Jupiter Lights,' is begun in this number.

Art and Letters for December opens with 'Dionea,' a story by Vernon Lee, written in the strong, flowing diction, which has gained for her (at the age of twenty-five or thereabouts) a notable place in European letters. The tale is garnished with illustrations which, with one example, are trite enough in the conception, but to which an almost mezzotint softness in the execution is a saving grace. Louis Ganderax's paper on Madeleine Lemaire—whose artistic rendering of 'The Abbé Constantin,' in the *édition de luxe* which was brought out last year, is familiar to every one—is a very readable one, and besides its accompanying prints of the artist's studio, in one of which she is seen before her easel, there is a full-page portrait of Madame that is wonderfully striking. 'Norman Houses' is the subject-matter of another interesting paper—doubtless, if read in connection with that on old Norman towns in the current *English Illustrated*, which treats of the town and country

roof-trees of La Belle Normandie, as the other did of its Musty cloisters and cathedrals. In 'The Comédie Française,' Francisque Sarcey, the manager, writes in a proprietary tone of Mlle. Dudley, on whose shoulders the official mantle of Bernhardt fell when she forsook the Théâtre Molière, his critique being eulogistic in the main. The one or two remaining contributions call for no special mention, except the full-length portrait by Girardet, that has a very pleasing charm by reason of its ingenious fidelity.

Henry James opens *The Atlantic* with a new tale. Its title is 'The Tragic Muse.' One need not say that the *dramatis personæ* are birds of passage. The little group to whom he introduces us in the Palais de l'Industrie, at Paris, are not Americans this time, but the British matron with her brood of young. With a story from Mr. James and the charming, mediæval tale by Prof. Hardy, now drawing on towards its climax, the readers of *The Atlantic* are sure of entertaining fiction for the remainder of the winter. For the short story we are left in very good hands; the quiet, unobtrusive humor of Margaret Deland's 'Mr. Tommy Dove' whiles away a half-hour most agreeably. Hopkinson Smith tells us of 'Palm Sunday in Puebla de Los Angeles'; Mr. Aldrich contributes a short poem, 'Alec Yeaton's Son,' which provokes comparison with 'The Wreck of the Hesperus,' and is lacking in that graceful touch, peculiarly his own, to which he treated us, even within a month, in his lines on a young girl 'At a Reading.' In the paper by Philip Dimond, on 'Some Characteristics of Von Moltke,' we read a eulogy on Vater Moltke, as his people call him, and obtain not only a capital photograph of his 'gaunt, shrunken, sinewy figure,' with its 'high-crowned, symmetrical, and finely poised head,' but a faithful insight into his sturdy character as well. Another face cast in the heroic mould is that of the poet Whittier, of which a fine engraving is the frontispiece of the number. The deeply cavernous eyes are those that every little child knows from his portraits, but we see here also the splendid chin and vigorously lined mouth, which marked the agitator of ante-bellum days, before they were half hidden by his present snow-white beard.

The 'star' article of *Lippincott's* this month is unquestionably R. H. Stoddard's paper on Poe; in fact, we think we should not err greatly if we said it was the only article worth perusal in the number. And yet, pleasant reading though it be, it is marred, as a critique, by its persistent tone of disparagement. It is matter of evidence that the author of 'The Raven' was not one of those angelic beings whose praises he loved to hymn; but that he had some noble qualities, both as man and author, a reading of the only fair biography of him that has been written will amply testify. It is not so much to Mr. Stoddard's insistence on Poe's faults, both personal and literary, for they were many and patent, that we find objection, but to the scant mention of his few really admirable qualities. Where one is confessed, you feel that it comes hard, like an obstinate tooth. And the glorification of Griswold, at the expense of the 'curious compound of the charlatan and courtly gentleman,' as Mr. Stoddard characterizes Poe, is but love's labor lost; for whatever Poe may or may not have been, Griswold, in his various acts after the other's death, cuts a very sorry figure, to say the least. In the summing up of Poe's case, Mr. Stoddard says:

There is a parade of erudition in his writing, but one need not be a scholar to perceive that his reading was superficial. He had a few pet citations which he wore threadbare. He insisted upon being regarded as a critic; but in the sense that Arnold and Sainte-Beuve are critics, his pretensions are feeble. He was a sure judge of the Beautiful in verse, but, except at rare intervals, mostly in his early lyrics, he never attained it. The most that he captured was a mild loveliness, a pale melancholy, the hectic bloom of decay, whose effacing fingers were sweeping away the lines of beauty.

In a note to the editor, Miss Amélie Rives, as a concession to 'carping critics,' desires to have those two oft-quoted lines in her poem, 'To all Women,' read like this:

Christ, Thou didn't die for women and for men,
Let me but live for women, die for thee.

All which reminds us forcibly of the King of Spain's renowned anabasis, and its renowned result.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

THE little triangular park, just south of Cooper Institute, is to be adorned with a statue of Peter Cooper, whose name it already bears. It is to be made by St. Gaudens. The figure is to be seated, and will be cast in bronze. Nothing further than this has been decided upon, we believe.

—An exhibition of the works of Antoine Louis Barye, the French sculptor and painter, will be held at the American Art Galleries in March. It is said that there is enough of the plastic work of this

modern master in the United States to make a fine display. The purpose of the exhibition is to raise funds for a monument to be erected to Barye in Paris, where a similar exhibition is to be held at the same time.

—Tuesday and Saturday are the days on which the Metropolitan Museum will be open in the evening, every week hereafter, from 8 to 10 o'clock, beginning, it is hoped, to-day.

—The colored plates in the December *Art Amateur* are 'Hearts are Trumps,' a piquant glimpse of the back of a young lady in evening dress, playing cards, by Francis Day; and a 'Winter Landscape,' in dark tones, by Annette Moran. The most conspicuous black and white illustrations are three, of large size, accompanying a paper on 'A Model New York Home'—one of the old houses in the neighborhood of Fifth Avenue and Washington Square, toward which a noteworthy literary and artistic reaction seems to have set in of late. The interiors at which we are given a peep or two show how strong the inducement must be, for people who cannot put a fortune into the building of a new house according to their own ideas, to buy one that offers so much in the way of comfort and unobtrusive elegance as these old four-story-and-basement 'bricks' or 'brown-stone fronts.' As usual, Montezuma's Note-Book contains the most interesting reading-matter of the number.

—*The Portfolio* for December has for frontispiece an etching that holds the reviewer's attention so long as to leave him but little time to read the magazine or examine the other pictures. It is an old lady by Rembrandt, finely reproduced by W. Wright-Nooth—one of the many old people whom he loved to put on wood or canvas, though just who she was in the flesh, no one appears to know. The original of her portrait hangs in the National Gallery. In a note, the editor criticises Rembrandt's use of light and shade, but without stinting his praise of the artist's unsurpassed power in portraiture. A second paper on Téniers, with characteristic reproductions, follows the Rembrandt; 'Turner Again' is that one of 'The Early English Water-Color Painters' whose work is described and set before us, in some of its examples, this month; and Mr. Hamerton, in noticing the late Samuel Palmer's illustrations of the minor poems of Milton, pays tribute to the filial love which prompted the painter's son and biographer to learn to engrave, in order to carry out his father's cherished project of having these pictures reproduced and published.

Notes

IT IS NOT uncommon for publishers to issue two editions of a book, one a fine limited edition, the other a less expensive one, for the general market. But Cassell & Co. propose doing more than this with one of their books; for they are going to issue three editions of 'Authors at Home,' the series of personal and critical sketches which appeared originally in *THE CRITIC*. One will be a regular library edition; the other an *édition de luxe*, in the style of the 'luxurious' edition of Stedman's 'Poets and Poetry of America'; while the third will be on large paper, for extra-illustration. These two latter editions will be limited to one hundred copies each. The value of this volume of brief biographies lies in the fact that each article was written by some one selected or approved by the subject of the sketch, so that its authenticity is secured.

—Lester Wallack's 'Memories of Fifty Years' is to be published in a limited edition of 500 copies. Besides the various portraits, which will be pagged separately, there will be printed fac-simile autograph letters from Kean, Wilkie, Lover, Jerrold and others, with reproductions of the author's first theatrical contract and first playbill for this country.

—Guy de Maupassant's 'Afloat' ('Sur l'Eau') and Daudet's 'Recollections of a Man-of-Letters' will be published shortly by the Routledges, with illustrations.

—Mrs. Humphry Ward is said to be preparing a reply to the various critics who have passed upon her book. The author of 'Robert Elsmere' is not at present in the best of health, and has been suffering from insomnia. One of her sisters, Miss Ethel Arnold, is spending the winter with friends in New York.

—Under the title of English Men of Action, Macmillan & Co. are about to publish a series of biographies confined to Britons who have, by land or sea, at home or abroad, been conspicuous by their public services. It will begin in February and be continued monthly. The first volume will be on Gen. Gordon, by Col. Sir William Butler, and the following are in course of preparation: Sir John Hawkwood, by Marion Crawford; Henry V., by Rev. A. J. Church; Warwick, the King-maker, by C. W. Oman; Drake, by J. A. Froude; Raleigh, by W. Stebbing; Strafford, by H. D. Traill; Montrose, by Mowbray Morris; Monk, by Julian Corbett; Dampier, by Clark Russell; Capt. Cook, by Walter Besant; Clive,

by Col. Sir Charles Wilson; Warren Hastings, by Sir Alfred Lyall; Sir John Moore, by Col. Maurice; Wellington, by George Hooper; Livingstone, by Thomas Hughes; and Lord Lawrence, by Sir Richard Temple.

—Mr. Swinburne has written a short poem in the Scotch dialect for the February *Magazine of Art*. It is called 'A Jacobite's Farewell, 1715.'

—The Travelers' Insurance Co. are to issue, early this month, in five octavo volumes, the only uniform edition of the works of Walter Bagehot, the economist, yet published. It was of Mr. Bagehot, when he died, that Augustine Birrell said: 'He took with him more originality than he left behind in all the Three Kingdoms.'

—*The Book Buyer* for this month contains a portrait of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, editor of *St. Nicholas* and author of 'Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates,' with a sketch of her literary career.

—We have read with sincere regret of the sudden death, at a very early age, of the wife of Thomas Nelson Page, author of 'Marse Chan' and 'Two Little Confederates.' Mrs. Page is said to have been the heroine of 'Unc' Edinboro's Drowndin' and an occasional collaborator with her husband in his literary work. Their home was at Richmond, Va.

—Miss Kate Sanborn is reported to be collecting material for a volume on the eminent women of New York.

—Mrs. T. T. Pitman, better known by her pen-name of 'Margery Deane,' who died recently in Paris, was buried on Dec. 27 from the Belmont Memorial Chapel at Newport, R. I.

—Prof. Danion of Harvard will deliver a series of lectures in Boston, at the rooms of the New England Woman's Club, during the winter, on contemporary French literature. He will discuss the works of Ludovic Halevy, the French theatre, M. and Mme. Alphonse Daudet, French journalism, Zola, Paul Bourget, and the French realistic school in general.

—A course of ten lectures by Prof. Thomas Davidson, on the Divine Comedy of Dante, is in progress in the Sunday-school room of All Souls Church, 48th Street, on Friday afternoons.

—Olive Logan writes from London of the author of 'The Moonstone':

We who had the pleasure of meeting Wilkie Collins at the dinner lately given by the Incorporated Society of British Authors to American men and women of letters, were pained to see how decrepit this great fictionist has become. He leans upon a stick, and is so bent that walking seems an effort. His features, however, have been peculiarly refined by age, his face is sweet and noble, while behind his powerful spectacles there shines the clear light of that intellectual force which has produced some of the most thrilling romances ever penned in any language.

—'Songs in the Night Watches,' compiled by Helen S. Thompson; 'The Great Value and Success of Foreign Missions,' by the Rev. John Liggins; 'The Religious Condition of New York City;' and 'What Jesus Says,' by the Rev. Frank Russell, have just been issued by Baker & Taylor Co.

—D. Appleton & Co. publish this week a translation of Karl Marx's work on 'Capital,' edited by Frederick Engels; and, in the Town and Country Library, 'A Fair Emigrant,' by Rosa Mulholland.

—A life of John Stuart Mill, by Leonard Courtney, will be the next volume in the Great Writers Series.

—General regret will be felt by persons interested in the advancement of literature in America, at the death of *The New Princeton Review*, or rather its absorption by *The Political Science Quarterly*. *The New Princeton* was in name the successor, after an interregnum, of *The Princeton Review*, which had died a quiet death under the editorship of Mr. Libbey, a Princeton man, and brother of Prof. Libbey of New Jersey's university. When Prof. Wm. M. Sloane undertook to revive it, on broader and brighter lines than ever before, it was understood that \$15,000 had been raised to make the experiment with. That was three years ago, and from January 1885, to December 1888 the *Review* has appeared regularly every two months. Mr. Lowell, Mr. Stedman, M. Taine, Prof. Norton and others have been included among its contributors, and though the quality of its successive numbers has not been exactly uniform, the average has been uncommonly high. The lighter features of the *Princeton* (it was here, it will be recalled, that Miss King first made her mark as a story-writer), can hardly be looked for in the future issues of the consolidated periodicals; but it is announced that certain of its weightier elements of strength will be preserved, and that Prof. Sloane will be associated with the *Quarterly* in a way that cannot but increase its popularity, as well as its solid worth. *The New Princeton* was published by A. C. Armstrong & Son; *The Political Science Quarterly* bears the imprint of Ginn & Co.

—Edmund Gosse's 'Eighteenth Century Literature,' which Messrs. Macmillan will have ready this week, will be the second of a series of four books on English Literature, which was begun by Mr. Saintsbury's study on the literature of the Elizabethan age.

—Mr. Gladstone, we read, is to spend his Neapolitan outing at Rocca Bella, at Posilipo, which commands a view of the most beautiful panorama in the world. Apart from the shades of Virgil, Cicero, Horace, Pindar and the rest, which haunt those shores, the spot where Mr. Gladstone will pitch his tent is hallowed to all hero-worshippers by the memory of Garibaldi, who spent several months, not long before his death, at Rocca Bella. Mr. Gladstone entered upon his eightieth year last Saturday.

—Charles Stuart Pratt is the author of 'Baby's Lullaby Book,' a holiday publication of L. Prang & Co.'s, which was favorably noticed in THE CRITIC of Dec. 22.

—A. D. F. Randolph & Co. have issued an edition of John Taylor's 'Thumb Bible.'

—Cassell & Co. are about to publish the fourteenth and final volume of their 'Encyclopædic Dictionary.' The completed work, comprising nearly 6,000 pages, has been in preparation over sixteen years.

—Eckmann and Chatrian, who have not been heard from for a long time, are said to be at work on a new novel.

—Thomas Whittaker opens his publications for this year with 'Sermon Stuff' by Dr. McConnell, of Philadelphia, and 'The House and its Builders: a Book for the Doubtful,' by the late Dr. Samuel Cox.

—Mr. B. F. Stevens of London projects the publication of a series of facsimiles of the documents relating to America, from 1763 to 1783, preserved in the archives of England, France, Holland and Spain. The expense will be so great, however, that one hundred subscribers will be necessary to make it pay, though he is willing to begin with fewer, in the expectation that others will respond in sufficient numbers to make the enterprise self-supporting. It is his idea to issue each document separately, so that the subscriber can classify them according to his own fancy. At the end of every twenty-four volumes, it is suggested that an index might be arranged, thus making twenty-five folios. The proposed price of each volume is \$25, or \$20 if at least five are ordered in advance. This would make the cost of each set of twenty-five \$500. The subscriber will have the privilege of stopping his subscription at any time. Apropos of this undertaking, Mr. Stevens has received within the past two months encouraging letters from the Hon. Andrew D. White, Prof. Oscar Browning, and others, including the following note from the Hon. James Russell Lowell:—'I think your plan an excellent one, and from what I know of your exactness, your thorough knowledge of the subject, and your sound judgment, I am sure it will be faithfully and intelligently carried out.' The reproduction of the documents by a photographic process ensures an accuracy in the text not to be counted upon in the work of any copyist.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.

- Adams, H. B. Thomas Jefferson and the University of Virginia. Washington: Bureau of Education. 10 cts.
Amber Witch, The. Tr. from the German by Lady Duff Gordon. 10 cts.
Besant, W. For Faith and Freedom. 50 cts. Cassell & Co.
Bryce, J. The American Commonwealth. 2 vols. \$6. Macmillan & Co.
Catalogue of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. 1888-1889.
Cox, S. The House and Its Builder. \$1.25. Thos. Whittaker.
Davidson, J. W. Florida of To-day. \$1.25. D. Appleton & Co.
Doyle, E. Moody Moments. 10 cts. Ketcham & Doyle.
Farjeon, B. L. The Peril of Richard Pardon. 30 cts. Harper & Bros.
Fisher, H. L. An Historical Sketch of the Pennsylvania Germans. Chicago: F. A. Battey Pub. Co.
Fuller, S. Illustrated Primer. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Gibson, G. R. The Stock Exchanges of London, Paris, and New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Hale, E. E. Sunday-School Stories on the Golden Texts. \$1. Boston: Roberts Bros.
King, J. M., and others. The Religious Condition of New York City. 50 cts. Baker & Taylor Co.
Longfellow, H. W. Evangelina: Cuento de Arcadia. Tr. por Rafael M. Merchan. Bogota: Imprenta de 'La Luz.'
Lowell, J. R. Essays on the English Poets. Thos. Whittaker.
Malleson, Mrs. F. Early Training of Children. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Mantegazza, P. Testa: a Book for Boys. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Mayo, A. D. Industrial Education in the South. Washington: Bureau of Education.
Milton, J. Paradise Regained, and Minor Poems. Thos. Whittaker.
Roberts, C. G. D. Poems of Wild Life. Thos. Whittaker.
Robinson, C. S. Laudes Domini. The Century Co.
Robleston, T. W. The Teachings of Epictetus. Thos. Whittaker.
Saunders, F. Stray Leaves of Literature. \$1.25. Thos. Whittaker.
Sharp, W. Life of Heinrich Heine. Thos. Whittaker.
Shreiner, O. The Story of an African Farm. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Walker, J. B. A History of the New Hampshire Federal Convention. \$2. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.
Whitton, J. M. The Law of Liberty. \$1.25. Thos. Whittaker.